

JASIRZAB

JASTRZAB 8

ADJUDICATING THE OBSCURE

JULY 1972

JASTRZAB, Youngstown's only Diplomacy magazine is edited, published, and thoroughly messed up by Stan Wrobel, Seven Poland Village Blvd., Poland, Ohio 44514. Phone: 216-7574440 after 9:30 (DST). Subscription rates are 10/\$1.50. There are no game openings at present.

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THE INTERNATIONAL GAME SHOW: Our sincerest thanks and congratulations to Lenard Lakofka, Larry Blandin, Chris Schleicher and all the others who put so much effort into making this convention one of the finest (and best organized) ever seen. I am sure everyone enjoyed themselves. Personally I wished it were longer to afford more conversation with people. BIRSAN, BEYERLEIN, WALKER, BESHARA, PARENTS, BOYER, PEERY, to mention just a few of the outstanding Dippy field in attendance. John Meot and Allan Calhmer. CAROL BUCHANAN who once again refuses to break away from that tallest Hoosier and join Mucker Press. Oh well, she wins all the awards when they are home. Once again, Len, a job well done. Hope you can top this one next year (if that is possible)

QUOTE OF THE YEAR:

"How long are we going to have to listen to this WORM????"

---EDI BIRSAN

DEADLINES: 1972Dcx-Hrive builds and Removals due August 10, 1972
Tuile (Spring) 3021-Moves due August 25, 1972
1972AK--Winter 1902 due August 25, 1972.
1972BQ--FALL 1901 due August 10, 1972.
Winter 1901 due August 25, 1972.
1969B-Fall 1910, 1969BV-Fall 1906, and 1969CJ Winter 1907 and Spring 1908 due August 25, 1972.

--and the last shall be first!

POLISH JOKE SECTION

YAVIE-3020

WAR OF THE RINGS!

MORDOR (KONING): TA SOUTH ITHILLEN TO PELARGIR.
 DA PENNATH GELIN TO DOL AMROTH.
 DA RUHN TO WEST RHUN.
 DA EMYN MUIL TO DEAD MARSHES.
 DA NORTHERN WILDERLANDS TO BEORN.
DA BEORN TO RIVENDELL.
 DA MISTY MOUNTAINS I (S) DA N.WILDERLANDS TO BEORN.
 SA UMBAR TO HARONDOR.
SA MINAS MORGUL TO ITHILLEN.
 SA DAGORLAND (S) DA EMYN MUIL TO DEAD MARSHES.
 SA DOL GULDER TO WILDERLANDS.

GONDOR (BOIRD): DA ANORLEN (S) SA ITHILLEN.
 SA MINAS TIRITH (S) SA ITHILLEN.
 SA ITHILLEN HOLDS.
SA TOLFALAS TO HARONDOR.

ROHAN (SMYTHE): D. RAUROS TO EMYN MUIL.
 SA G.P. OF ROHAN TO ISEN.
 SA VOLI (S) SA W. EMNET TO EAST EMNET.
 SA WEST EMNET TO EAST EMNET.
 SA LAMEDON TO LEBENNIM.

THE ELVES:
 (KEATHLEY) DA EREGION TO RIVENDALE.
SA ANDUIN'S VALE TO BEORN.
SA MIRKWOOD (S) SA ANDUIN'S VALE TO BEORN.
 SA LORIEN WOOD TO THE BROWNLANDS.

THE MEN OF THE
 NORTH (WALKER): DA CARMEN TO RHUN.
 SA THARBAD TO ENEDWAITH.
 SA DALE (S) SA ESGAROTH.
 SA ESGAROTH (S) ELVES & MIRKWOOD.

THE DWARVES:
 (KEY) DA MOUNT GUNDABAD HOLDS.
 SA ERED MITHRIN II (S) DA MT. GUNDABAD.
 SA ERED LUIN II TO HARLINDON.

 UNDERLINED MOVES DO NOT SUCCEED. NO RETREATS NECESSARY.

SUPPLY CENTER COUNT: GAINS vs. LOSSES

MOR: BARAD-DUR, ~~MT. GUNDABAD~~, MINAS MORGUL, UDUN, DOL GULDER, UMBAR, ITHILLEN,
 NORTHERN WILDERLANDS, ~~RHUN~~, ISEN, RIVENDALE, DOL AMROTH, PELARGIR, WILDER-
LANDS, DAGORLAND, BEORN. (12...build ONE)

GON: MINAS TIRITH, ~~PELARGIR~~, ~~DOL AMROTH~~, ANORLEN, ITHILLEN. (3...remove ONE)

ROH: EDORAS, WEST EMNET, EAST EMNET, ISENGARD, ISEN, FANGORN WOODS. (6...build ONE)

ELF: LORIEN WOOD, MIRKWOOD, MORIA, BEORN. (3...remove ONE)

MEN: DALE, ESGAROTH, HOBIE, THARBAD, RHUN. (4...build ONE)

DWF: EREBOR, ERED LUIN II, THE SHIRE, MT. GUNDABAD. (4...build ONE)

 COMPARISON OF STRENGTH COMING: MORDOR- 1 TA, 6 BA, 5 SA = 20
 WORLD- 5 DA, 16 SA = 26

 COA: PAUL BOIRD, P.O. BOX 6477, COLLEGE STATION, TEXAS 77840
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Chapter Five

TALES OF MIDDLE EARTH

The City of Minas Tirith is mighty, built in the days when the blood of Numenor flowed pure in the veins of its people. Seven levels it contains, each separated from the others by a huge rampart of stone. The seven walls of the city are each pierced at one point by a huge and long arched tunnel, and from the Great gate of the city wall runs one road, passing through the seven walls as it rises the seven hundred feet to the White Tower of Ecthelion. Off of this road, in the fifth level, leads a small lane, ending in a blind courtyard. This narrow lane is known by the curious (and inaccurate) name of Granards Boulevard.

The courtyard to which it leads contains many ancient and untenanted buildings, doubtless once the homes of warriors and nobles of the city, but long silent and disreputable. At the end of the courtyard, facing the lane, is a pile seemingly more ancient than the others, which has served many purposes and acquired, despite its respectable surroundings, a dark name.

The building was, it is said, first reared during the reign of Siriondel, and was the home of Cerebar, his Chieftan of the Guard. It remained in the hands of Cerebar's heirs until the last of that line perished in the civil strife occasioned by Castamir the Usurper. The building was empty for a time until taken by Diracir, soldier of the Guard of Gondor. Diracir added extensively to the building, and was in the process of excavating an immense series of cellars when he was slain along with the King and his sons in 1944.

The building was almost immediately inhabited by a strange group of men, supposedly kinsmen of Diracir, who held it for centuries. During this time the neighborhood began to fall under a shadow because of the many dissappearances of young children from the surrounding households. At last, aroused by complaints from the few families who remained in the courtyard, the soldiers of Dior, who was then Steward of the King, entered the building and, finding there something which horrified them and about which Dior enjoined them never to speak, killed the inhabitants and purrified the interior with fire.

Thereafter the place was inhabited sporadically by noble families, but they found the place unpleasant and, since housing was of no shortage in Minas Tirith at this time, soon left.

In the Year 3020, however, the building was suddenly seen to be inhabited again, and soon became known as the Cathedral of St. Harley the Forgetful. In the summer of that year came word to Gondor that King Eric the Just, himself nearly half the armies of the Men of the North, had been assassinated in the capital city of Dale. The news saddened those in the City who had looked to the North for deliverance from the Enemy, but in the Cathedral on Granards Blvd. the news caused much consternation.

"Augh!" said the Most Reverend Dirac Nelson, sitting on the diamond studded velvet throne in his austere cell in the tower of the Cathedral. "Augh! Augh!" He swept from the table a large pile of (empty) bottles labeled "Rolling Rock" which were used in the rites of the temple.



 TALES OF MIDDLE EARTH CONT.

"Either something has made me angry, or something I ate disagreed with me. Now, which is it?" Glancing about the chamber, he absently fingered the latest addition to his pancake collection as he tried to remember.

"Oh, yes!" he suddenly shouted, smartly rapping the propellor on his beanie, causing it to rotate dissipatedly, "That stupid item in the Jastrzab Gazette. Just assassinated indeed! Nothing but a tissue of lies! Just would have been assassinated but on his way here he was killed by members of the Third Orc Panzer Division. Only at the Cathedral of St. Whathisname can an Assassination Ceremony take place. Had Just arrived he would have gently, lovingly, been eased into a seat in a trough of wet cement. Now that would have been an Assassination! What an impression he would have made."

"Hmmm...perhaps I could bring Just here for the ceremony anyway? Best not. He's probably contracted rigor mortis* and there's no sense in taking chances. Besides, who could carry him? It would, however, answer the question 'Is there Assassination after Death?' and heal one schism within the faith."

"Perhaps I can line up his successor. Let's see...his name is...." and he began to riffle the pages of the Jastrzab Gazette, the great metropolitan monthly that served all of Middle Earth. "GACK! His successor is Capt. Rodney Walker, USAF. That curmudgeon who maligns motorcycles and...gasp...makes fun of our Holy Water."

This won't do at all... not an unbeliever on the Throne. SOMETHING must be done."

Muttering to himself, Nelson picked up a few more bottles of Rolling Rock, wiped one reverently with an altar cloth, then popped the cap and drank it in one long gulp. Carrying the bottles of Nautre's balm, Nelson then made his way down innumerable stairways and ladders, finally disappearing into the gloom deep beneath the cathedral.

What does this strange resolve of the Rev. Nelson's pretend for Middle Earth? Who is Rodney Walker, and will he be affected? What is "Rolling Rock," and why does Nelson drink it? For that matter, will Nelson remember what he's up to? And if he does, will anyone care? Tune in next issue, when these questions and many others will probably not be answered.

*the dreaded rigor mortis is a disease from which all the members of Nelson's family have suffered at one time or another in their lives. Although it is frequently fatal, some members of the Nelson family have recovered from its attacks.

MORDOR TO THE WORLD: So, Walker replaces Just! The forces against me are reduced by at least 150 pounds. Victory is in sight!

MORDOR TO THE SPIRIT OF THE WOOD: It is true today that the term "witch" is only applied to females, but that is a sexist corruption. The original definition was, in more ancient and wiser times, "One who practices the black art or magic; who regarded as possessing supernatural or magical power by compact with an evil spirit, especially with the Devil; a sorcerer or sorceress."

HOW THE NOZDRUL CAME TO DALE

King Bord, son of King Bard, son of King Brand (Brand the Tenth, or Brand X), surveyed his Kingdom with no little satisfaction. "Let's see," he mused, "I'm guarded by the Iron Mountains and the Ered Impassable on the north, and by a whole scad and a half a slather of elves and dwarves on the west...hmmmm. And unbelievable quantities of Narcs and other minions of John B. Sauron, with a whole Double Army of Narcs out east trying an end Rhun." Yes, it was a sticky situation, all right, and rumor had it that after all that hard fighting down in Ithilien, the Nozdrul had been assigned to R&R in Dale. King Bord had no objection to this, actually, because the Nozdrul always brought plenty of money along, but they were always molesting the local dwarves on the off chance that one of them might be a girl. "Besides," thought King Bord, "we're at war with Sauron, and maybe we ought not to provide R&R for his boys."

Actually, Dale didn't need the business. As the center for arts and crafts for the entire Rhovanion region, they were bringing in cash right and left. The elvie-nudie shows were going great guns, and the mighty live performance of a narc and a girl dwarf was really packing them in. The artisans and toymakers were doing a lively business. They were grossing millions on lугers, sawed-off shotguns, black-jacks, poisoned daggers, and other pieces of fine craftsmanship.

Palantir programs were a good source of business, too. The success of "As the Middle-Earth Turns" on the afternoon soaps had every housewife in the area glued to her palantir, wondering if Arwen would ever catch Aragorn, if Celeborn would ever make an honest woman of Galadriel, if Bilbo would ever admit to being Frodo's father, and so on. The biggest seller among the spin-offs was the "Aragorn and Arwen" doll set, with 27 changes of clothes, including a gorgeous bride outfit for Arwen and three pairs of tattered jeans for Aragorn. The set originally had movable parts, but had to be redesigned when it was banned in Minas Troney on account of what parts were movable. Another popular item has been the "Adventures of Gandalf and Saruman" coloring books, especially the issues with good torture scenes in them.

Oh, well, money was money, and the Nozdrul always spent well. The question was, how would they get through the front lines? They already had reservations at the Wart Hog Hotel, Dale's leading glamour spot, on Catfish Row. No doubt, with the prospect of all that money coming in, the Chamber of Commerce would cook up some plan or other to get the Nozdrul into town without the High Command in Edoras becoming aware of it.

Walking along Catgut Boulevard, King Bord was just turning onto Swillpot Ave. when he heard the roar of motors. "Oh, grief!" he thought, "it's that damn Aragorn." Sure enough, the Head of Military Intelligence for the High Command swooped down Catgut on his Hartley-Patterson Special. Following him were a dozen other Riders of the North on their motorcycles. Aragorn pulled up and parked by King Bord. Getting off, he strode over, leather squeaking and chains clanking. "Howdy, King."

"How...uh,hello,Strider. What's up?"

"Applecore," said Aragorn, holding one up.

"Shelvadore," said King Bord, cautiously.

"Who's your friend?"

"She is." King Bord pointed to one of the motorcycle molls in the entourage and was immediately pelted with apple cores by both the girl and Aragorn.

"Wrong guess," drawled Aragorn. "You seen any Nozdrul roun' here?"

"No, sir! You can tell the High Command at Edoras that we certainly wouldn't want their sort. This is a respectable town, it is." Several of the two dozen streetwalkers in the vicinity nodded their agreement, one so vigorously that her...oops, his wig slipped.

Aragorn remounted his Hartley-Patterson and he and his crew roared off. A few minutes later, nine black-robed monks rode up on large black porcupines, their cowls pulled over their faces in prayerful attitude. The chief monk dismounted--very carefully--and walked over to King Bord. "Have you a match?"

cont.

"I use a lighter," replied the King, producing one.

"Better still," was the reply.

"Until they go wrong."

"That would be a cold day."

"Yes, but it would be warm by the fire."

"For that we would need a match," said the monk, holding one up.

"I use a lighter."

The black-robed monk edged closer and hissed, "I wish you guys would think up simpler passwords. We could go on like this forever, and we ain't got much time for R&R."

"We've been expecting you," said His Majesty. "Your reservations are at the Wart Hog."

"Great. Hey...any good-looking dwarves around here?"

GAME THREE FILLED!

The third regular game of Diplomacy was just filled. Players and their respective country preference list are as follows:

PROKOPOWICZ:	FRA, TUR, ENG, RUS, A/H, ITA, GER.	Not a bad selection of countries I must admit. Five first choices with Prokopowicz winning over Gorski and Pawlak (Ms) winning over Larry Valencourt. I would appreciate if all of you would signal your intent to play (along with any propaganda that you desire to include) by August 10th, 1972.
THOMAS:	ENG, RUS, FRA, A/H, TUR, GER, ITA.	
PAWLAK:	RUS, FRA, TUR, ENG, GER, A/H, ITA.	
KNUDSEN:	ITA, GER, FRA, RUS, ENG, TUR, A/N.	
VALENCOURT:	RUS, FRA, GER, ENG, ITA, AUS, TUR.	
GORSKI:	FRA, ENG, AUS, RUS, TUR, GER, ITA.	
SHAMRAY:	TUR, ENG, RUS, FRA, GER, AUS, ITA.	

AUSTRIA: RONALD GORSKI, 152 N. Ellsworth, Naperville, Ill. 60540

ENGLAND: MARK THOMAS 470 JOHNSTON PR., WATCHUNG, N.J. 07060

FRANCE: GERALD PROKOPOWICZ; 44 HAWTHORNE, GROSS POINTE SHORES, MICH. (ZIP??)

GERMANY: LARRY VALENCOURT, 1561 CLARENCE ST., SAINT PAUL, MINN 55106

ITALY: BOB KNUDSEN, 158 CASTLE CREST ROAD, WALNUT CREEK, CALIF. 94595

RUSSIA: NINA PAWLAK, 5236 CLIFTON, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA (ZIP)

TURKEY: 10614 LE CONTE AVE. LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90024 (PETER SHAMRAY...SORRY!)

A word about the players; GORSKI, PROKOPOWICZ, and PAWLAK (by marriage) are of the Chosen People. Bob Knudsen is our resident player in each game. Pete Shamray is the nephew of Don Horton. I assume all except Bob Knudsen are novices in the strict interpretation of the word.

THE DEADLINE FOR SPRING 1901 MOVES WILL BE THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1972. WINTER 1900 PROPAGANDA WILL BE ACCEPTED IF SUBMITTED BEFORE AUGUST 10, 1972. I WOULD EXPECT MOTHER RUSSIA WILL FAVOR US WITH SOME LITTLE DIDDY OR SO. FATHER RUSSIA IS REALLY THE ONE TO WATCH OUT FOR THOUGH. BELIEVE ME WHEN I TELL YOU THIS.

GAME OPENINGS:

DUE IN PART TO THE CONTINUED DEMANDS FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD AS WELL AS THE INCREASED VOLUME INSIDE THE GAMES NOW CURRENTLY BEING RUN IN JASTRZAB there will be only one more game started this year. It will be by invitation only and will be severely restricted to player personnel. Future game openings will not become a reality until one or two of the orphans now in progress come to a conclusion...probably not before the first of the year. By this method I would hope to control the demands on time and hopefully regain a stricter publication schedule.

FALL 1902

1972AK

JASTRZAB ONE

HEADLINES: WESTERN ALLIES BUILDING BRIDGES TO THE CONTINENT AS MOTHER RUSSIA ENTERS SPawning SEASON!

AUSTRIA (HORTON): F GREECE TO THE AEGEAN. A SERBIA TO TRIESTE. A VIENNA TO TRIESTE. A TYROLIA TO VENICE. A TRIESTE (S) A TYROLIA TO TRIESTE.

ENGLAND (DAVIS): A YORKSHIRE TO HOLLAND. F HELGOLAND (S) A YORKSHIRE TO HOL. F NORTH SEA (C) A YORKSHIRE TO HOLLAND. F SKAGERRAK TO DENMARK

FRANCE (BOYER): A BELGIUM (S) ENGLISH A YORK TO HOLLAND. A BURGUNDY HOLDS. A PICARDY (S) A BURGUNDY. A GASCONY TO MARSAILES. FLEET MID-ATLANTIC TO WESTERN MEDITERRANEAN.

GERMANY (BOULANGER): F DENMARK TO NORTH SEA. A KIEL TO HOLLAND. A RUHR (S) A S. . MUNICH TO BURGUNDY. A MUNICH TO BURGUNDY.

ITALY (HENDRY): A TUNIS HOLDS. F ADRIATIC (S) A ROME TO VEINICE. A ROME TO VENICE. F IONIAN (S) F ADRIATIC.

RUSSIA (ATTEBERY): F SWEDEN (S) F NORWAY. F NORWAY (S) F SWEDEN. A MOSCOW TO SEVASTOPOL. A RUMANIA (S) A BULGARIA. A BULGARIA (S) F BLACK SEA TO CONSTANTINOPLE. F BLACK SEA TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

TURKEY (KNUDSEN): A CONSTANTINOPLE TO ANKARA. F AEGEAN TO BULGARIA^{sc}. F EAST MEDITERRANEAN TO SMYRNA.

UNDERLINED MOVES DO NOT SUCCEED. English Fleet Norway retreated to the Skagerrak in the Summer. The Deadline for winter builds and removals will be on the last page of this issue.

SUPPLY CENTER CHART: BUILDS vrs REMOVALS

AUS: TRI, BUD, VIE, CTR, GRE, (5) even.
 ENG: LON, LIV, EDI, ~~NOX~~, HOL, (4) even.
 FRA: PIC, BUE, MAR, SPA, POR, BEL, (6) build one.
 GER: KIE, ~~ROM~~, BER, DEN, (4) even.
 ITA: ROM, VEN, NAP, TUN, (4) even.
 RUS: STP, ~~CTR~~, MOS, SEV, SUE, RUM, ~~NOR~~, BUL, COM, (9) build three!!!
 TUR: ANK, SMY, ~~COM~~, ~~BEL~~, (2) remove one, one annihilated.
 NUT: ~~BEL~~, ~~HOL~~, (0)

NO PRESS RELEASES.

FALL 1901

1972BQ

JASTRZAB TWO

THE DEADLINE FOR FALL 1902 IS EXTENDED TO THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1972. CHRIS ALMSTROM DID NOT RECEIVE THE ISSUE CONTAINING SPRING 1901 MOVES UNTIL THIS PAST WEEKEND. AS THIS IS A LEGITIMATE REASON FOR HIS REQUESTING A DEADLINE EXTENSION (AND IT IS ONLY 1901) WE HEREBY DO EXTEND SAID DEADLINE. HOWEVER, ONLY KNUDSEN HAS GIVEN PERMISSION TO PLACE A COLLECT CALL IF MOVES ARE NOT RECEIVED; ONLY KNUDSEN HAS GENERAL ORDERS ON FILE. I SUGGEST ALL OF YOU EXAMINE THE SECTIONS OF JASTRZAB HOUSE RULES WHICH PERTAIN TO METHODS FOR THE ELIMINATION OF MISSED MOVES. I DO NOT MAKE THEM MANDATORY OF COURSE, BUT WILL BEGIN TO FOLLOW MY OWN HOUSE RULES A BIT CLOSER AS THIS GAME GOES ON. I ALSO SUGGEST ALL CORRESPONDENCE BY AIR-MAIL TO MR. ALMSTROM. CARRY ON AS YOU WILL.

NJP

ENGLAND (KELLY): NO MOVES RECEIVED. 3FLEET HOLLAND, 4FLEET ENGLISH CHANNEL, 5FLEET IRISH SEA, 6FLEET NORTH SEA STAND SUCCESSFULLY. 2FLEET-NORWEGIAN STANDS. 2FLEET NORWEGIAN RETREATED TO THE NORTH ATLANTIC BY JRMH.

FRANCE (LASKY): 2ARMY SPAIN TO PORTUGAL. 3A. BREEST TO GASCONY. 4ARMY PICARDY TO BREST. 1FLEET NORTH ATLANTIC TO CLYDE.

GERMANY (EGAN): NO MOVES RECEIVED. 1ARMY DENMARK, 2ARMY BELGIUM, 3ARMY KIEL, 4ARMY BERLIN STAND.

ITALY (L.BELLE): 1ARMY UKRAINE TO RUMANIA. 2ARMY SERBIA (S) 1ARMY TO UNMET. 3ARMY RUSSIA (S) 4ARMY MUNICH. 5ARMY MUNICH (S) 6ARMY RUSSIA. 7ARMY BUDAPEST (S) 8ARMY TO MUNICH. 9ARMY VENICE TO TYROLIA. 1FLEET SMYRNA (S) 2FLEET TO CONSTANTINOPLE. 3FLEET WESTERN MED. TO SPAINsc. 4FLEET GULF OF LYON (S) 5FLEET TO SPAINsc. 6FLEET NAPLES TO THE IONIAN.

RUSSIA (KNUDSEN): 1ARMY RUMANIA (S) TURKISH IA BULGARIA. 2ARMY SYRIA TO SMYRNA. 3ARMY WARSAW TO THE UKRAINE. 4ARMY SWEDEN (S) 5FLEET NORWAY. 6FLEET GULF OF BOTHENIA TO THE BALTIC. 7FLEET BARENTS TO THE NORWEGIAN. 8FLEET NORWAY (S) 9FLEET ~~TO THE~~ NORWEGIAN. 1ARMY RUMANIA RETREATS TO GALICIA BY CONDITIONAL ORDERS.

TURKEY (BRUCE): NO MOVES RECEIVED. 1ARMY BULGARIA, 2ARMY CONSTANTINOPLE STAND.

UNDERLINED MOVES DO NOT SUCCEED. NOTE THE ENGLISH AND RUSSIAN RETREATS. THE DEADLINE FOR FALL 1906 WILL BE ON THE LAST PAGE OF THIS ISSUE IF IT EVER GETS THERE.

PARIS: Following are excerpts from Prime Minister De Laskaulle's amazing 36 hour speech in Paris which ended yesterday:

"...the decrepit ((sic)) English giant is staggering! We urge our German brothers to cast him out of Holland."

"...the sight of our fleet off the coast of Ireland has set the people of that country into open revolt against the English oppressor."

"...We shall liberate Portugal!"

"...We shall make the west free for Democracy, as our stalwart Italian allies bring Democracy East and South."

"...the English fleets to the north prepare to flee the Russian bear!"

"...Let's see if we can push it over the million mark before I go off the air!"

"...the freedom loving peoples of England are revolting!"

"...Why are they revolting?????"

"...because they don't wash behind their ears!!!!"

JASNY GORKI: The Prime Minister of France is a distant cousin of the Republican and Democratic standard-bearers of America. At least they all sound alike.

FREE PUBLIC SERVICE ADVERTISEMENT

HELP PREVENT BLINDNESS! Yes indeed folks, you too can contribute to the prevention of blindness (to BOAST readers). Immediately send all your Green Stamps to:

HERB BARENTS, 157 STATE STREET, ZEELAND, MICHIGAN 48640

Enough of the Greenies will enable this frustrated publisher/gamesmaster/editor/pundit/newly-wed to procure a typewriter with enough keys on it to make a complete sentence without a blank space somewhere where the dog had eaten a letter or symbol out of the old one. The number in Secaucus and Bryonne is...hhhhhhhh. Without your help and cooperation, more and more subscribers to BOAST, TRASH and TREASURE, SUABBERS, and whatever else is hatching in Zeeland at the moment will have to be operated on for treatment of the dreaded Barents See Flight, so send those stamps. MONEY NOT ACCEPTED IN MICHIGAN.

1969CJ

FALL 1907

ALLS, POOR ROBERICK; I KNEW HIM WELL.....

ENGLAND (ROLL): FLEET ENGLISH CHANNEL TO THE MID-ATLANTIC. FLEET WESTERN MED. TO THE TYRRHENIAN. FLEET MID-ATLANTIC TO THE WESTERN MED. FLEET GULF OF LYCON (S) FLEET MID ATLANTIC TO THE WESTERN MED.. FLEET TYRRHENIAN TO THE IONIAN. FLEET TUNIS (S) FLEET TYRRHENIAN TO THE IONIAN.

GERMANY (CHILDS): FLEET ST.PETERSBURG HOLDS. FLEET BALTIC HOLDS. FLEET BELGIUM HOLDS. ARMY PIEDMONT TO TYROLIA. ARMY MARSAILLES TO PIEDMONT. ARMY MUNICH TO BOHEMIA. ARMY KIEL TO MUNICH. ARMY LIVONIA TO MOSCOW. ARMY PRUSSIA TO WARSAW. ARMY SILESIA TO GALICIZ. ARMY TUSCANY (S) ENGLISH FLEET TYRRHENIAN TO ROME (NSO).

ITALY (BOSKY): ARMY AUSTRIA TO BULGARIA. ARMY VIENNA HOLDS. ARMY BUDAPEST TO TRIESTE. ARMY GREECE (S) ARMY RUMANIA TO BULGARIA. FLEET ALBANIA TO THE ADRIATIC. FLEET NAPLES TO ROME. ARMY VENICE (S) FLEET NAPLES TO ROME. ARMY PULIA (S) ARMY VENICE.

TURKEY (WALKER): FLEET AEGEAN TO BULGARIA. FLEET SMYRNA TO THE AEGEAN. ARMY BULGARIA TO RUMEL. ARMY GALICIZ TO VIENNA. ARMY SEVASTAPOL TO RUMEL.

UNDESIGNED MOVES DO NOT SURGEON. THE TUN GOD THAT IS NOT MY SET BACK. THE DEAD-LINE FOR WINTER 1907 WILL BE ON THE LAST PAGE OF THIS 1969CJ.

SUPPLY CENTER ORBAT CHAINS vs. ARMORALS

ENGLAND: EST, LON, LIV, SPR, FOR, R. TUN. (7...build one)
GERMANY: KIL, MIE, HOL, BEL, DEN, FOR, MIA, SEB, STP, NOR, WAR, MOS, (FR...build two)
ITALY: F, CH, VER, TAV, T, I, FER, ZEM, BUL, ARM, BUL, GLE. (8...build up, Naples)
RUSSIA: L, MOS. (8...build)
TURKEY: FOR, PR, SIC, BEL, BUL, ZEM, SEV. (8...build)

AS THE GERMANS AND RUSSIAN BUILDS ARE BEHIND THE LINES OF CONFLICT, IT IS ILLEGAL BUILD UP IN THE REAR IN NAPLES, WINTER 1907 BUILDS AND SPRING 1907 BUILDS CAN BE TAKEN TOGETHER WITHOUT CAUSING CONFUSION. PLEASE COMPLY, MAKING MOVES FOR THE SPRING OPERATION IN THE ITALIAN BUILD.

ONE LOWEY F. 1908 WINTER.

MOSCO: ALL RUSSIAN SOLDIERS TURN OVER IN THEIR GRAVES AT THIS TURN OF EVENTS!

LETTERS:

ROD WALKER: Whether the Right-Hand Rule was or was not designed to reduce a player's control over his units is immaterial. The JRHR eliminates a player's control over his units. It is virtually impossible to anticipate all possible combinations of moves and write a conditional retreat for every unit under every circumstance. It is unreasonable and unfair to ask a player to do so. It is also unreasonable, unfair, and contrary to the rulebook to force a retreat of a unit which he himself does not order after he has seen the game situation. The rule is of course nice for GMs; and nice for players who don't give a damn about their position. It cunts corners for lazy people. As a player, I demand complete control over my units and I have a right to expect it. As a player, I will not play in games which use this rule, and I will advise all players to stay away from such games. Postal game 1969CJ has been totally and completely screwed by this rule and IF all the players resigned en masse in protest against it, I wouldn't blame them. There is no possible justification for this usurpation of the player's authority.

LEE CHILDS: I agree with the way the Russian removals were handled; I disagree with the Turkish Retreat. ((This in reference to the Spring 1907 retreat pattern)).

MUCKER PRESS: I disagree with Rod's disagreement, but will not go into reasons here. I wish Lee would give us his interpretation though.

8/11

CONVENTION REPORT

((EDITOR NOTE: This, as is our usual organized manner here, was written by John Koning and then added to by myself. ((INSERTS)) will be by yours truly to hopefully add to the confusion)).

I began my trip to Dipcon V in my usual manner, leaving three days before it started. I managed to pass the time on the road by visiting St. Louis, however, and viewing the Arch from seventeen different angles on several consecutive days ((LAST YEAR COMING FROM WARCON II IN OKLAHOMA CITY, HE MANAGED TO FIND IT ONLY TWICE! NEITHER TIME WERE WE LOOKING FOR IT UNFORTUNATELY)). Then the day before the Convention was to start, I traveled to Pontiac, Illinois and waited there for Friday, July 22.

All of this is in the way of what we writers ((?)) call "background." Now that you know all about me and all about the Dipcon V I can get into the real meat of it. So this is where the story really begins...

I arrived in Chicago shortly after noon, fresh from my stay in Pontiac. This latter is a small town about 80 miles from Chicago whose main industry seems to be the building of large, imposing motels. Presumably the owners stay in such others' establishments during the slack season...and in Pontiac it is always the slack season.

John Smythe and the others had not arrived when I checked in, but as I showered shortly thereafter there came a thunderous pounding on the door of the bath and a loud voice shouting "Anyone Home?" I emerged from the shower to find Smythe, as well as Stan Wrebel ((ALL POLES WILL OBSERVE A MOMENT OF SILENT RESPECT)) and two naval wargames from Youngstown, Ken Valentine and Gary Jones. Since registration wasn't until Friday evening we passed the time playing Smass. Stan wandered out and returned not long after to produce a case of Pepsi and a bottle of Kahlua ((YOU FORGOT THE KURTZELS)). "Discount liquor store across the street," he said. ((A MECCA OF MAGNAN GOODIES!))

We ordered ice. Stan wandered away again. Shortly thereafter he returned with six glasses and went out with one filled with ice. Returning, he said, "Housekeeper traded glasses for ice." ((SIMPLY COULDN'T STAND THE PLASTIC GLASSES THAT CAME WITH THE ICE))

We started to drink and continued playing. ((ONE SHOT KAHLUHA, ONE SHOT RUM, ICE, FILL TO THE TOP WITH COKE)). Stan wandered out. He later returned with a complete itinerary for the next two days, a quick rundown of who had arrived and who was expected, a description of the convention facilities and of the display area. ((SOMEONE HAD TO TAKE CHARGE OF THIS FLOCK)). After watching us for awhile he wandered out again. "See yuz," he said. ((COVERED THE OUTSIDE OF THE HOTEL ALSO!))

When we were all sufficiently relaxed, Smythe proposed that we visit the Red Star Inn, which is his Chicago restaurant. Now John Smythe has a thing about restaurants. In every town large enough to sport more than a Burger-King John selects a restaurant as his favorite. The town thereafter becomes merely a setting for The Restaurant (Attleboro, Mass., for instance, is the town adjacent to the diner where I introduced Smythe to Lime Rickys...he drank three). In Chicago it is the Red Star Inn, a German restaurant of much distinction which I remembered visiting with John and his wife Margaret in 1968...it was excellent.

I had, however, been looking carefully through directories of restaurants and the Red Star Inn had been conspicuously absent. We finally located it in a different part of the city than it had once been. (I found later that the original Inn had been torn down as part of an urban renewal project, despite the fact that it had been declared a landmark.) When John found that the Inn had been altered I thought he would faint. He was so distraught that he could eat nothing for almost an hour (just the length of time that took us to get there). Then, famished after his long fast, he performed such heroic carnage upon the consumables that it appeared an operation would be necessary. We took the El back to the hotel and prepared to register. And this is where the story really begins....(WHO CARES)

John and I had worked out a devilishly clever stratagem to triumph in the Diplomacy Tournament. Both of us are well known in postal Diplomacy, though John more so than I these days, and our reputations would probably work against us in

the games. ((ON THE OTHER HAND, JOHN SMYTHE'S GIRTH AND BUEK HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO WIN GAMES BE THEMSEEVES)). We therefore decided to register under pseudonyms. We rejected such obvious falsities as "Eric Blake" and "Paul Harley," finally hitting on just the right touch to conceal our identities. When I got to Len Laksoka at the pre-registration gathering I said, with Machiavellian subtlety, "I'd like to register. My name is John Smythe." Smythe, of course, registered as "John Koning." This, we knew, would fool everyone.

Actually this subterfuge was unnecessary. Smythe decided to play military miniatures rather than Diplomacy, and few of the Diplomacy players (except those who knew us by sight) knew either of us anyway. To prevent confusion (our confusion ...I kept putting on Smythe's clothes and he kept ordering iced tea) we resumed our original identities.

Stan went off to Tony Pandin's room to play Jutland while Smythe teamed with Edi Birsan ((EDI BIRSAN RATES HIS OWN COLUMN IF I CAN FIND A SPACE SOMEWHERE)) to play "Fight in the Skies." I entered a spontaneous game of Diplomacy with a bunch of unknown innocent faces who promptly took me to the cleaners. Naturally I was playing dumb to throw them off-guard for the tournament the next day but perhaps I overdid it. It is hard to lose with France as fast as I managed.

Partway through the game Rod Walker ((HEREAFTER RECRISTENED "ROCKY WALKER, CHIEF PUNSTER OF THE IDA")) lumbered in, doing his imitation of a pear, and pulled my moustache by way of greeting. I attempted to return his friendly salutation, but he pulled his hand away before I could bite it. The convention actually began the next day. And this is where the story really begins....

Tony Pandin, Jeff Key and I got into the same Diplomacy game, and I continued my characterization of a simpleton by allying with Jeff Key and supporting him to victory. ((SAURON HELPING THE DWARVES REALLY GOES AGAINST THE GRAIN SOMEHOW)) My only triumph was in forcing Jeff to annihilate Tony (and almost everyone else) in order to win. ((BY CONTRAST, THE GAME I WAS ENTERED IN REEKED WITH ABUNDANT CONFUSION WITH EDI BIRSAN, DOUG BEYERLEIN, MARK WEIDMARK, FRED WINTER, MAJOR ELLIOT LIPSON, ERIC VER HEIDEN AND MYSELF LOCKED IN MORTAL COMBAT FOR ABOUT SEVEN HOURS ONLY TO DECIDE THE WINNER BY A FLIP OF THE COIN. MARK WEIDMARK WILL NEVER TRUST ME AGAIN. SIGH. AT LEAST WE STOPPED EDI)).

After the day long Diplomacy game Smythe and I went off to the Blackhawk for dinner, where crowds of people wearing dinner jackets and evening gowns stared enviously at our polo shirts and levis. The waiter was so impressed he only charged us \$35 for our dinners.

That evening ((LATE THAT EVENING! MY INTERIM WAS SPENT AT THE COCTAIL PARTY. YES, VIRGINIA, THERE REALLY IS A JOHN BESHARA!)) we gathered for a game of Lord of the Rings Diplomacy (LORD) in Tony Pandin's suite. And here, dear readers, is where the story really begins.

The first order of business was to select a player for Mordor. Four of the six players in the Lord Game current in JASTRZAB (John Smythe, Rod Walker, Jeff Key and I) were present, as well as Stan Wrobel, the editor, so the experienced field was large. ((WITH SMYTHE, KEY, AND WALKER...VERY LARGE!)) ((KEATHLEY AND BOND ARE HEREBY FINED FOR MISSING THIS MEETING!)) John Smythe suggested we wrestle for it---this immediately eliminated Stan and me out since the two of us together weighed less than any of the other three---but Pandin, perhaps envisioning the shambles that would result ((IN HIS ROOM)), vetoed this. Jeff bowed out, since he wished to observe as objectively as possible the effect of some rule changes that were proposed and since Rod had never played the game in person before John was elected ((HE ALSO HAD THE BIGGEST VOTE)). He smirked and stomped off into the corner to drink up all the booze while we negotiated. I played the dwarfs, John Boyer the Men of Gondor, Tony Pandin the Rohirrim, Peter Ansoff the Elves, and Jim Reiley the Men of the North. Jeff was to play a piece entitled Gandalf, a supply-centerless piece that count mount any non-Mordor piece and increase its power by one, and Stan Wrobel began playing the Balrog, a piece starting in Moria as a single army but which gained the force of one army every time it neutralized a supply center (captured it). and which lost one every time it was forced to

retreat or came in contact with the Gandalf piece. Shortly thereafter Stan became gamesmaster and Rod Walker took over the Balrog. ((THE REASON FOR THIS SWITCH IS SIMPLE. I PLAYED THE BALROG PIECE UP TO A DOUBLE ARMY, WHICH IS ABOUT THE MAXIMUM EXTENT OF A PERSON OF MY SIZE. WALKER WAS THEN TO CONTINUE GAINING FORCE UP TO ABOUT A QUINTUPLE ARMY, AT WHICH POINT I WAS TO MOUNT HIS SHOULDERS AND BOTH OF US PLAY THE BALROG TO THE END)).

Mordor was given additional bargaining power in the form of lesser Rings (which gave the player wearing them the power of a triple army against the other free People but only a single army against Sauron) and several Palintir (which permitted the Triple and double armies using them to order after all other orders were read).

As the Dwarves I commanded the Free Peoples, but things went badly immediately. Smythe devoted most of his force against us and sent only a token against Gondor. While Boyer grew, the rest of us were hammered. The Men of the North and Rohan accepted and put on Rings ((BOOOOO...THESE TWO WILL NEVER PLAY ON THE GOOD GUY'S SIDE IN A JASTRZAB GAME)), the Balrog grew to immense power, and Smythe generally crushed us.

Aided by the drinks and the hour, the conversation became muddled:

GONDOR: "COME HELP ME!"

ROHAN: "We're coming, we're coming!"

GONDOR: "But you're going the other way!"

BALROG: "Hrooom, hrooom!"

SAURON: "MWEE-HEE-HEE!!!"

DWARVES: (walking about on their Knees) "Excuse me but I'm going to take one of your home centers.

GANDALF: "Let me on your shoulders!"

BALROG: "Hrooom, hrooom, hrooom!"

SAURON: "FNA-FNAF-FNAF"

GONDOR: "They're selling out to Sauron!"

ROHAN: "WHO, ME?"

DWARVES: "Excuse me, I'm going to take another of your home centers.

LARRY BLANDIN: "I'LL HAVE ANOTHER TUMBLER FULL OF JACK DANIELS BEFORE I GO..."

ELVES: "Let's go this way. That'll fix Sauron!"

GAMESMASTER: "MORDOR BUILDS THREE MORE!"

BALROG: (waving an electric toothbrush): "HROOM, HROOM, HROOOOM!"

FRED WINTER: "Anyone care to join into a nine-man variant which I designed myself and is extremely enjoyable?"

DWARVES: "(lying on the floor) Excuse me, I'm going to lose one of your home centers.

JOHN BESHARA: (who was not present): "I'M NOT HERE! SPURN! SPURN!"

GONDOR: "DON'T SELL OUT!!! COME HELP ME!!!!"

MORDOR: "ALL RIGHT LITTLE PEOPLE. NOW TO EAT HORSIES..."

BALROG: (lying on the couch feebly waving the toothbrush which he had plugged in and kicking his legs spasmodically): "HROOMMMIE, HROOMMMIE!"

About 4am we gave up. ((NOT TO TAKE ANYTHING AWAY FROM THIS MARVELOUS REPORT, BUT JOHN KONING NEGLECTS TO MENTION THAT WE PLAYED A SECOND GAME BEFORE GIVING UP WITH HIMSELF PLAYING SAURON. NEEDLESS TO SAY, SAURON WAS DEFEATED BY THE LITTLE PEOPLES EN MASSE WITH TONY PANDIN THE ACTUAL HIGH MAN AS FAR AS PIECES AND SUPPLY CENTERS AT THE END...BUT THAT IS INDEED ANOTHER STORY))

And about 5pm the next day we pulled out. And this is where the story ends.

